



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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of the Young



GEORGE Q. CLAYTON,
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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No. 5.

NOTABLE INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

A Remarkable Healing.

ABOUT the latter part of the year 1867, as I remember, I was living in the Twenty-first Ward of Salt Lake City, in which Ward Brother Corbett was lying very sick with a disease that for a long time it seemed impossible to overcome. One particular Sunday several Elders had at various times administered to and prayed for Brother Corbett during the day. About nine o'clock that evening, as my wife and myself were returning to our home, I was impressed while approaching the house to call and see Brother Corbett. We did so, and upon entering the house we found Sister Corbett walking the floor and wringing her hands in the greatest agony. She said that her husband was dying and asked me to go quickly and call a certain doctor, who was living in the business part of the town. She desired me to explain her husband's condition and hurry the doctor to his bedside.

As quickly as possible I did as she requested, but did not succeed in finding the physician, and consequently returned to the house with this information for her. She was still wringing her hands in the greatest sorrow, but upon my informing her of the failure to find the medical man, she requested me to administer again to her husband. The

sick man's father was also in the house, and we together approached his bedside for the purpose of administering the ordinance. We found, however, that he was already getting cold and clammy. His hands and part of his arms, and also his feet and limbs, seemed to have lost all life. Nevertheless we anointed him with oil and then laid our hands upon him, praying our Father in heaven with all the earnestness and faith which we could muster for Him to restore our afflicted brother again to health and strength. While we had our hands upon his head he seemed to be relieved of pain, and apparently fell into an easy slumber, in which condition he continued for quite a length of time.

While he was thus sleeping my wife and I withdrew, feeling in our hearts that the power of God would be exercised in his behalf. To my great satisfaction I learned on the following morning that he was considerably better and almost out of danger, though still very weak from the severity of the disease with which he had been troubled.

He gave his testimony concerning this healing by saying that when his father and the Danishman (myself) laid their hands upon his head, he felt immediate relief. He saw a personage clothed in priestly robes come through the door of his bed-chamber, holding a mallet in his hand. This being came to his bedside and rebuked and drove away a large

number of dark-looking imps who surrounded his bed and person. This glorious creature seemed to have power and authority over every evil influence, and he exercised these gifts in behalf of the brother who was so near to death's door. He also said he fell immediately into a comfortable sleep, and from that very moment he was relieved of pain and felt sure of his ultimate recovery.

S. P. Nere.

The Gift of Healing.

IN the summer of 1876, at Sylvester, Michigan, where I had preached a number of times, four had obeyed the message I bore to them. One evening on my return from a few weeks' trip through Montcalm County, my aunt, Ruth Harrington (now at Glenwood, Utah), with whom I made my home, told me that Sister Julia Palmer's baby, ten months old, was very sick, and had been for more than a week. It was then nigh unto death, and she would have sent for me to come and pray for it had she known where I was. Gabriel, the husband, had secured the service of a doctor, who had said that day that the child could not live. The father of the baby, though not a member of the Church, was anxious for me to come and pray for it. I answered I would go after supper. While sitting at the table a boy came in saying his parents wanted me to come at once, as the child was in convulsions, and had been in this state for an hour. I went immediately and found the child in a fit. I poured some holy oil on its head and then administered to it, and in the name of Jesus rebuked the disease, and commanded the little sufferer to be made well every whit. In five minutes it sat upright on its mother's lap playing and laughing.

We all knelt down and gave God the glory. The little one was well from that hour. The father told of the miracle everywhere he went, and acknowledged the hand of the Lord, but would not obey the gospel.

A family by the name of Root, living at Westerville, Montcalm County, Michigan, were baptized in November, 1876. They had a daughter sixteen years of age, who was also baptized, who had a goitre growing from her throat. This had been forming from early childhood. Her parents had spent money with doctors in the vain hope of removing it, but it continued to grow. About one month after baptism she said to her father one evening:

"I believe if my throat was anointed with that holy oil that Elder Palmer has, this swelling would go away."

"I was thinking the same thing," he answered.

"I know it can be done if that is your faith," I said; "but this gift is from God through His servants, and can only be enjoyed through the principle of faith and obedience."

"I believe it with all my heart," she answered.

The writer took the oil from his valise, anointed the swelling, laid one hand on it and the other on her head, and prayed the Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, rebuking the disease in His holy name, and by authority of the priesthood. He felt the swelling sink under his hand, and her throat is as smooth to this day as anyone's can be. The lady (now Mrs. Persis Warner) lives at Harrisville, Weber County, Utah.

In the spring of 1877 I came to the house of Justice Blood, at Millbrook, Michigan, and found him sick with a burning fever. He had been confined

to his bed for several days. I said "Brother Blood, I wanted you to go with me to Sherman tomorrow; I am to preach there in the evening and wished you to help me."

He said: "Command me in the name of Jesus to arise and be made whole, and I will go with you."

I did so. At once he arose and ate a hearty supper. After breakfast the next morning he walked fifteen miles and spoke that evening to a large congregation.

Sister Peer, a daughter of Brother Blood, was suffering from neuralgia, one side of her face being very much swollen. She asked me to administer to her. Her face was anointed with oil, the affliction rebuked in the name of the Redeemer, and the writer felt the swelling recede from under his hand, and she was well. I could relate many healings of a more gradual character, where the patient began to recover immediately and continued until well, but will only relate sudden healings, miraculous escapes from mobs, accidents, etc. Let me say right here, by way of explanation that I had no companion on my first mission which is the reason I was alone in the administrations, but the Lord never forsook me.

In the fall of 1876 a family came from Grand Rapids, Michigan, to Sylvester, and rented part of my uncle's house. Their name was Backus. The wife had been an invalid for years, and for the past year had kept her bed. Her couch stood against a door that opened into the large room of my relative's house, where we held prayer meetings, and I often preached the gospel. She thus heard it all as she lay there day after day. Mr. Backus would swear and say he would have to get another house and get away from these Mormons ;

but Mrs. Backus became convinced that we taught the gospel of Christ, and at length persuaded her husband to investigate our doctrines, which he undertook to do by attending our meetings and reading our books. At length they invited me into their rooms, and wished me to administer to the wife. I told them the gifts of the gospel were only promised to those who believe and were willing to show their faith by their works. She said she believed with all her heart, and would gladly be baptized if her husband was willing. He answered that he believed that we alone of all others had the gospel, but it would not do for either of them to obey it, as he would lose his job in the lumber woods, and could get no other employment.

They were informed if they would repent and be baptized for the remission of sins, and have hands laid on for the reception of the Holy Ghost, that they should receive it, and that she should be made whole and strong. This was promised in the name of Jesus Christ. But he could not consent even for her to be baptized. I went on a trip to other parts, holding meetings. I returned in three weeks and found Mr. Backus at home sick, suffering intense agony. He pled with me to pray the Lord to spare his life, and if He would heal him he would obey the gospel, for he believed it a judgment upon him for not receiving light when offered. I anointed him with oil and prayed the Lord to heal him, and he was instantly restored to health.

The next morning we began a two days' meeting, the Saints having gathered in from the other branches; Mr. Backus attended also. At the close of the last meeting I went to him and asked if he was ready for baptism. He

answered no; he could not make a living if he joined us. I reminded him of his covenant with the Lord, and told him that the sickness might return. He went that very evening to the lumber camp, and the next day or the day after they brought him home in the greatest pain and distress. He was sorely frightened also, for he truly believed the hand of the Lord was upon him. He pled like a child for mercy, and renewed his promise to the Lord over and over again. He groaned in agony of spirit as well as body.

Again he was administered to, and the destroyer rebuked in the name of Jesus, and he was instantly healed. The next day (the 15th of February, 1877) the few Saints of that branch gathered, and in sleighs we traveled three miles to Altona, and baptized Mr. and Mrs. Backus in a mill pond, a hole having been cut through a foot or more of ice. It took two men to carry Mrs. Backus into the water, for she was as helpless as a child. While performing the ordinance, a rough crowd on the opposite side of the pond were scoffing, jeering and throwing missiles at us, and some swore it would be the death of the frail woman, and that we would have to answer to the law for her murder.

We wrapped her in quilts and drove rapidly home. Some of the Saints remained at home and had good fires. As soon as hands were laid on Sister Backus' head, and she was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, she was healed, and did her own work from that time on, and was a faithful Saint. Many of the Elders will remember her kindness to them, and her faithfulness to the cause of truth. But as for him, he was not so faithful as she. He was more for the things of this life. Elders visited

them for four or five years. He firmly believed the gospel, but could not get courage to emigrate. He moved to parts unknown to us, and never came to Utah as far as I know.

W. M. Palmer.

FROM A COLLEGE YOUTH.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

THINKING a few items of news would be read with interest by the many young readers of the JUVENILE, induced me to write.

Columbus, Ohio, has a population of 100,000, made up mostly of Eastern Americans, colored, and Hungarian people. Of the latter we have a few in Salt Lake, who are commonly known as "Dagos." They, with the colored people, make up a large percentage of the population.

Columbus can truly be called a beautiful city. Some of the streets are broad and well paved with asphaltum and brick. High Street is the principal business street. It extends north and south about nine miles.

The city has been experiencing one of its old time blizzards, which made coal and gas rise in value, causing some suffering among the poorer classes. Much more distress is experienced in some parts of Ohio, caused through the natural gas wells becoming entirely exhausted. The city has a splendid fire department, which has plenty to do, especially in the winter, when fires are more frequent. I witnessed a fire which broke out in a large, five-story building on High Street, which caused the death of a young girl seventeen years old. The building was used as a trunk factory, and at the time the fire commenced, this unfortunate girl was in the fourth story with another young lady,

who saved her life by leaping from the window. The one who perished in the flames was afraid to jump, and rushed back into the flames. She was found two hours later by the chief and an assistant fireman behind a partly destroyed trunk, burned almost to a crisp. The chief and firemen did excellent work, and were very brave, some of them going up a long ladder and looking into the blazing rooms. The fire bells can be heard violently ringing three or four times through the day or night.

The Penitentiary is located in the heart of the city, covering a whole twenty acre square. It is surrounded by a wall twenty feet high and four feet thick. It is well guarded, and there is very little chance for prisoners to escape. Divine services are held every Sunday at eleven a. m., by different denominations. The prisoners had a big dinner on Christmas day; one or two were pardoned by the Governor, and some were given presents, which made them quite happy for a time.

The State House was built in early times, but has been remodeled. It is built entirely of dark stone, and is about one hundred and thirty feet high to the dome. It is circular in shape, and has broad stone steps on either side, with huge stone pillars, giving one an idea of the manner in which our early public buildings were constructed.

It is now beautifully decorated inside in commemoration of the deaths of Hayes and Blaine. A free public library, museum and offices are found in the building.

Superior private and public schools and colleges are found in this city and State. The one I attend—Zanerian Art College—was founded for the purpose of preparing artists and teachers in special lines of penmanship. There are com-

paratively few of the young people of Utah and the west who realize how much there is to learn in penmanship. It not only embraces a thorough knowledge of business writing, but we have round hand, back hand, artistic shading hand, and every other kind of a hand to master, not speaking of lettering, flourishing and portraiture, used in engrossing resolutions, before we can pass a successful examination for graduation.

We have a fine Literary Society connected with the College. It convenes every Saturday for the purpose of discussing various subjects and topics of the day. Many of our young people could be benefitted very much in becoming interested in similar meetings in Utah. Statesmen, lawyers, politicians, and even presidents of nations have made their first efforts in these societies. I could not say over six words correctly when I first attended; but have made such marked improvement that I can now take part in debates on difficult questions, and have risen from janitor to vice-president, and am now holding the dignified position of president of the society. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that many rough diamonds can be polished by attending such societies as our Improvement Associations ought to be.

It has been my happy lot to form the acquaintance of some fine characters among the young people especially, who could set many worthy examples in the way of sincerity and honesty to some of the young people of Utah. They make many sacrifices of bad habits in order to accomplish the object they have in view to procure an education in some chosen profession. So far as true doctrine is concerned they are far off the right track, consequently not enjoy-

ing the great privileges of the young Latter-day Saints. I have distributed a few of our Church tracts among the college boys, and some of them have read them quite earnestly. They ask numerous questions about things they have before read, some of which are not very complimentary to our people. I have endeavored to eradicate these falsehoods from their minds, and have succeeded to some extent. One gentleman admitted that our people were misjudged and not properly understood by eastern people.

The only way many honest people in large cities can be reached with the gospel is to send them tracts of our faith, and an invitation to visit our people personally when they go west on an excursion or visit. I believe much good could be done in this way. I have attended churches with different college boys, who seem inclined to observe the Sabbath day, and they have come away with glowing expressions of the beautiful sermon they had heard; but it all seemed very shallow to me, and I could not help but pity them in their sincerity, to think that they had only part of the true plan of salvation. These same individuals would be as enthusiastic in listening to the genuine truth, could they be reached in any way, much more so than many of our own young people, who would rather take a ride, or go to the lake in the season thereof, than attend services and pay strict attention to what is said. Sincerity and earnestness are very essential qualities to cultivate in any line of work or investigation. A theologian spends sometimes ten years in hard study in order to prepare himself to be a successful minister. Why should not we as young Latter-day Saints, entitled to all the rights and privileges of the true gospel, spend at

least a part of our time in the building up of God's kingdom upon the earth and in storing our minds with golden gems of truth that can never be obliterated or taken away from us if we do right.

My earnest desire is that I may prove faithful, in connection with my young brethren and sisters, to my covenants with God, that I may mingle with the pure in heart.

Valton M. Pratt.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

Sunday School Missionary Labor.

IN January, 1892, the Deseret Sunday School Union Board inaugurated a system of Sunday school missionary labor, and called into the field a number of missionaries, who were sent into the various Stakes of Zion, and who earnestly labored in the interest of the Sunday School cause. In October, 1892, a large number of Sunday school missionaries were called and were sent to the various Stakes. These brethren have faithfully labored in the fields assigned them, and have reported their labors, more or less, in detail to this office. From these reports we glean that very much good has been accomplished. Stake and Ward superintendents, and Sunday school workers generally have been encouraged in their labors, and in many instances parents have been visited and admonished in relation to the importance of having their children attend the Sabbath school regularly, and a general interest in Sabbath school work has been inaugurated. It is intended to continue this labor each year by calling suitable brethren into the field, who will make such sug-

gestions, offer such advice and counsel, and carry out the instructions given them by the Sunday school authorities as the Spirit of the Lord will dictate to them.

In this connection we would suggest that the Stake superintendents throughout the Church notify us soon when it would be best, and the most appropriate time for the missionaries to visit in their respective Stakes so we may make the appointments correspond with the convenience of the people in the different Stakes.

Many suggestions have been offered by these visiting brethren, and suggestions made wherein the Sunday schools would be benefitted. The failure upon the part of Ward superintendents to comply with the rule adopted by the General Superintendency of calling their school promptly at ten a. m. was probably the most prominent difficulty reported. The lack of a systematic and proper method of grading was also commented upon adversely, and the neglect upon the part of superintendents and local authorities to have a mutual and thorough understanding in regard to their respective duties and labors in the Sunday school cause, was, in some instances, working an injury to the cause.

We simply call attention to these points specially, that the brethren whose duty it is to attend to such matters will endeavor to obviate in the future these difficulties. In this connection, we also desire to call attention to an article published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR February 1st, 1893, from the pen of General Superintendent George Q. Cannon, in regard to the sacrament and its administration, and trust that the superintendents of schools will carefully comply with the suggestions there made.

In the main, the Sunday school missionaries had nothing but good to report of the labors of the brethren and sisters engaged in this great cause of Sunday school work, and the earnestness and zeal with which these labors were prosecuted, as also the great good that was resulting therefrom in the midst of Israel, in the training of the youth of Zion in the ways of eternal truth. Nor did these faithful brethren fail to mention the uniform courtesy of the local authorities extended to them in their visits among the Saints and of the assistance rendered them in conveying them from place to place.

We trust that the missionaries sent out in the year 1893 shall have abundant cause for rejoicing in the continued growth and increase of this great work. We subjoin herewith the names, residences, and field assigned wherein the brethren have labored, and feel to return to them heartfelt thanks and gratitude for their earnestness and zeal with which they prosecuted their labors.

Names Residence. When Called. Stake Appointment.

James Gardiner,	American Fork,	Jan. '92,	Millard
J. W. Robertson,	Spanish Fork,	"	"
John Herbert,	American Fork	"	Parowan.
Samuel Conely,	Spanish Fork,	"	"
John E. Dalley,	Pleasant Grove,	"	Wasatch
Niels Authen,	Spanish Fork,	"	"
Thos. C. Martell,	Spanish Fork,	"	Juab.
Andrew Eccles,	Sugar House,	"	"
Wm. Fotheringham,	Beaver,	"	St. George and Kanab.
Edwin Eyre,	Minersville,	"	St. George and Kanab.
John J. Griffiths,	Adamsville,	"	St. George and Kanab.
Arthur L. Booth,	Provo,	"	Seyter.
Wm. Paxman,	Nephi,	"	"
Walter Cox,	Provo,	"	Sanpete.
J. R. Murdock,	Beaver,	"	"
James W. Ure,	Salt Lake City,	"	Emery.
E. F. Parry,	Salt Lake City,	"	"
T. Tobiasson,	Salt Lake City,	"	Tooele.
Charles Sperry,	Nephi,	"	"
J. M. Fisher,	East Mill Creek,	"	Panguitch.
James Jenkins,	Nephi,	"	"

Charles Jones,	Bountiful,	Jan., '92,	Cache.	P. P. Prophet,	South Weber,	Oct., '92,	Tooele.
C. Greenwell,	Ogden,	"	"	Wm. H. White,	Beaver,	"	St. George.
Stephen Ellis,	South Bountiful,	"	Morgan.	David Muir,	Beaver,	"	"
H. F. Burton,	Ogden,	"	"	Joseph H. Parry,	Salt Lake City,	"	Davis.
B. Ashby,	West Bountiful,	"	Box Elder.	J. R. Clark, Jr.,	Salt Lake City,	"	"
John Ellis, Jr.,	Ogden,	"	Box Elder.	S. S. Jones,	Provo,	"	Cache.
James Ratcliffe,	Grantsville,	Feb. '92,	Weber.	John Crawford,	Brigham City,	"	"
Jos Knowles,	Logan,	"	"	S. Lauretsen,	Hyrum,	"	"
O. M. Wilson,	Hyrum,	"	Oneida.	C. S. Crabtree,	Hyrum,	"	"
T. Leishman,	Wellsville,	"	"	Wm. Paxman,	Nephi,	"	Oneida.
J. G. Bodily,	Fairview, Idaho,	"	Cassia	Michael Moss,	South Cottonwood,	"	"
O. Crockett,	Preston,	"	"	Wm. Blood,	Kaysville,	"	Box Elder
Wm. Kirkup,	Franklin,	"	Bannock.	James T. Smith,	Farmington,	"	"
George Fisher,	Oxford,	"	"	James Hardy,	Provo,	"	Bear Lake
Edward Cliff,	Mount Pleasant,	"	Utah	Jas. W. Paxman,	Nephi,	"	"
Peter Peterson,	Fairview,	"	"	H. H. Goddard,	Ogden,	"	Morgan.
J. F. F. Dorins,	Ephraim,	"	"	F. W. Ellis,	North Ogden,	"	"
John Larsen,	Gunnison,	"	"	Jos. Golightly,	Preston, Idaho,	"	Cassia.
R. H. Daynes,	Hyde Park,	March, '92,	Davis.	Henry Parker,	Liberty,	"	"
Alfred Gardner,	Mendon,	"	"	Chas. Gauslind,	Franklin,	"	Malad.
T. E. Williams,	Thatcher, Ariz.,	July, '92,	St. Johus.	Edward Swan,	Preston,	"	"
Jesse N. Perkins,	Taylor, Ariz.,	"	"	J. B. Decker,	Bluff,	"	San Luis.
Ira Porter,	Briceville, Ariz.,	"	Snowflake.	Peter Allen,	Bluff,	"	"
Jos. H. Lines,	Pima, Ariz.,	"	"	James Wilson,	Levan,	"	Salt Lake.
John H. Willis,	Snowflake, Ariz.,	"	Maricopa.	C. W. Greenwell,	Ogden,	"	"
S. D. Rodgers,	Snowflake,	"	"	E. W. Larkin,	Salt Lake City,	"	"
G. T. Ellsworth,	Mesa, Ariz.,	"	St. Joseph	John Lowe,	Almo, Idaho,	"	"
W. S. Johnson,	Alma, Ariz.,	"	"	Jos. Y. Haight,	Oakley,	"	"
Geo. F. Morey,	Moroni,	Oct., '92,	Utah.	Hyrum Pickett,	Marion,	"	"
L. O. Dorins,	Ephraim,	"	"	John A. Smith,	Manassa, Colo.,	"	San Juan.
R. N. Allrea,	Spring City,	"	Juab.	James Otteson,	Sanford,	"	"
John A. Mower,	Fairview,	"	"				
J. L. Killpack,	Huntington,	"	Sevier.				
C. E. Nielsen,	Mona,	"	"				
Wm. Stone,	Vernal,	"	Emery				
Thos. Caldwell,	Vernal,	"	"				
D. Grimshaw,	Beaver,	"	Parowan.				
Robert C. Kuell,	Pinto,	"	"				
M. A. Binker,	Gunlock,	"	Kanab.				
Geo. Eyre,	Minersville,	"	"				
E. P. Marquardsen,	Elsinore,	"	Millard				
S. Christensen,	Richfield,	"	"				
Thos. Cooper,	Monroe,	"	Beaver				
Israel Bale,	Nephi,	"	"				
Z. K. Judd,	Kanab,	"	Panguitch.				
M. D. Harris,	Glendale,	"	"				
A. G. Jewkes,	Orangeville,	"	Sanpete.				
M. M. Atwood,	Sugar House,	"	"				
H. C. Eddington,	Morgan,	"	Summit.				
M. W. Dalton,	Brigham City,	"	"				
Orson M. Porter,	Morgan,	"	Wasatch				
Jos. T. Waldron,	Morgan,	"	"				
F. M. Reynolds,	Castle Dale,	"	Uintah.				
W. A. Gayman,	Huntington,	"	"				
F. S. Bramwell,	Rexburg,	"	Weber.				
Thos. Tinney,	Centerville,	"	"				
Wallace Willey,	Bountiful,	"	"				
J. C. Wixom,	Brigham City,	"	"				
A. Burningham,	Bountiful,	"	Tooele.				

OLD ENGLAND IN TEN CHAPTERS.

INVASION of the Saxons and Angles took place in 429.

Divided into seven kingdoms called the Heptarchy in 457.

The Norman dynasty established by William I. in 166.

The Magna Charta was extorted from King John by the barons in 1215.

The first regular parliament summoned to meet the king was in 1265.

The authority of the Pope of Rome was abolished in England under Henry VII. in 1534.

The first newspaper was printed in England in 1588.

England and Scotland were united under James I. in 16003.

Shakespeare died in 1616.

The present ruling house acceded to the English thorne in 1714.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

IV.

SECOND BRANCH; (*Porifera*. PORE-BEARING).
SPONGES (CLASS *Spongia*.)

THE true nature of common commercial sponges, and their kindred, was for many years a matter of serious dispute among naturalists. At a very early period, even in the days of Aristotle and Pliny, the sponge was regarded as a living thing; but it was usually looked upon as a plant. Careful observation and extended experiments have since proved that the sponge is of strictly animal origin. It is by no means the lowest or simplest animal structure either, for unlike the protozoans, or single celled animals which we have already considered, the sponge consists of a number of cells, arranged in three well defined body layers, known respectively as *ectoderm*, *mesoderm*, and *endoderm*, or outside, middle, and inside tissues. In their greatest number and variety, sponges are to be found in the ocean; though many tiny fresh water forms are known.

The substance which we call sponge, and which has become so indispensable for toilet and other purposes, is indeed but the horny skeleton of a once living animal; the sponge flesh, technically known as *sarcode*, having been washed away. Let us examine a good toilet sponge carefully; it has probably a convex surface, is mound-like in form, the sides are pierced with numerous pores: these are the incurrent openings leading to the body cavity; at the top one or more larger openings may be seen: these are the oscula or excurrent passages. When the living sponge is examined in the water, the currents passing into and from the body may be traced by the motion of the loose

particles carried along. Figure 1 is a representation of a group of small sponges expelling water from the oscula. Outward currents from a sponge of different kind are shown in figure 2.

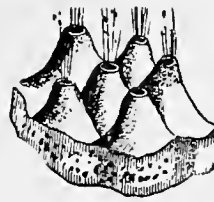


Fig. 1. Group of living sponges, showing excurrent streams.

To gain a clearer idea of the structure of a sponge we must dissect a specimen. If a vertical

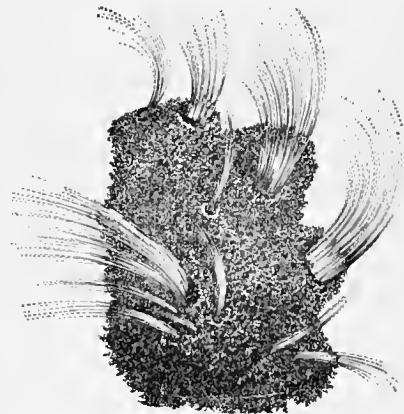


Fig. 2. Excurrent streams from sponge.

section be carefully cut, the nature of the organism will be rendered plain.

Figure 3 shows such a section; the parts are specified in connection with the drawing. As seen in the diagram, the entering currents of water are

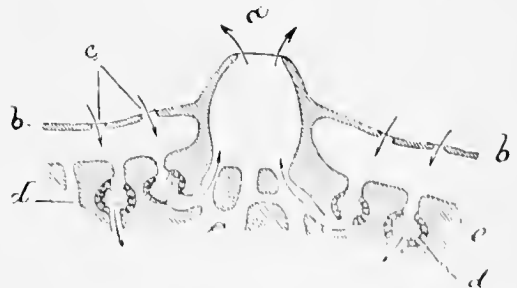


Fig. 3. Vertical section of a living sponge (diagrammatic). *b*, External layer (*ectoderm*.) *c*, Incurrent opening. *a*, Excurrent openings. *d*, Internal chambers, containing cilia. Arrows indicate the direction of currents.

directed into a series of chambers, which are lined with cilia; these cilia

aid in maintaining the currents. It is within these ciliated chambers that the food materials are taken from the water. The sponge has no well-defined stomach or other specialized digestive organs; its food is brought to it by the water which is continually flowing through the body.

What we call a single sponge is to be regarded as a collection or colony of living creatures, each leading a somewhat independent life, though all are concerned in the common welfare. Professor Huxley has described the sponge as "a kind of subaqueous city, where the people are arranged about the streets and roads in such a way that each can choose his food from the water as it passes along."

Most sponges, except the smallest kinds, form within the middle body layer, or *mesoderm*, numerous hard bodies, called spicules; these are either calcareous or siliceous in composition, and serve to give greater rigidity to the body wall. The spicules constitute the hard portions of the skeleton, and support the softer jelly-like sarcode or living tissue of the sponge. Figure 4

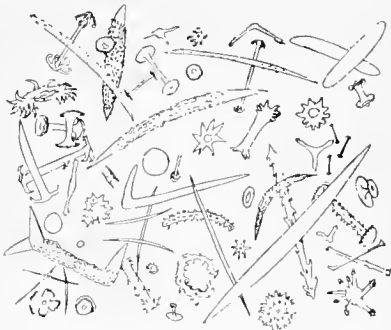


Fig. 4. Flint spicules from fresh water sponges, represents a great variety of such spicules found in fresh water sponges. Much of the compact flint of the earth's crust shows in microscopical view the structure of sponge spicules; and Prof. Holder has declared that nearly all flints are the remains of ancient sponges.

Certain kinds of sponges may increase by budding, a portion of the body bulging forth as in a swelling plant bud, and developing into a separate sponge; but reproduction by means of eggs is a commoner method among sponges, and in this respect the porifera differ from the simpler, or, as we often say, the lower forms of protozoan life. As the young sponges escape from the eggs they are free and active swimmers, with tiny ovoid bodies covered with cilia. After a brief period of youthful activity, during which they are apt to wander from their homes, they settle down with a fixed purpose in life, and soon become attached to submerged objects in the water, thus giving rise to independent colonies.

One of the simplest forms of sponges is the marine *ascetta* drawn in figure 5. This

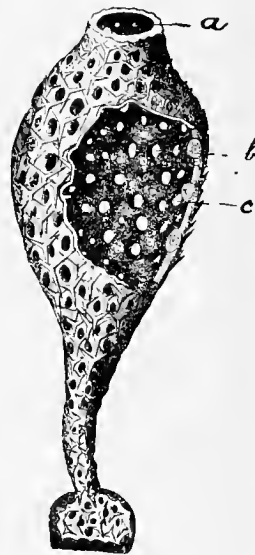


Fig. 5. A simple marine sponge (*Ascetta primordialis*), with a portion of the body removed to show the interior.
b. Incurrent apertures.
a. Excurrent aperture.
c. Eggs developing in body wall.

is in the 'general form of a fairly regular vase-shaped cylinder, attached by the lower smaller end to a fixed support. The incurrent openings (b), excurrent passage (a), and developing ova (c), are shown in the figure. This affords a good example of the first order of the class, viz: the lime sponges (order *Calcispongia*).

Another order includes the fresh water sponges, the marine glass sponges, and the horny sponges, thus

comprising all the commercial sponges and many of the rarest and most beautiful forms. This is the order *Carneo-spongia*.

The sponges found in fresh water (*Spongilla*) are individually very small; though they usually grow in colonies, covering large areas on submerged surfaces. The incrustations so formed are usually green, though some kinds of spongilla, and indeed nearly all species if deprived of sun-light, assume a gray or yellowish color. When examined microscopically the fresh water sponges resolve themselves into most beautiful forms; three specimens of which are illustrated in figure 6. Imbedded in the

crust of each gemmule or individual spongilla are numerous spicules of varied and beautiful shapes, averaging 1-100 of an inch in length. Spicules from these and other species have already been shown in figure 4. The fresh water sponges have of course no commercial value.

Among the marine glass sponges, most of which are comparatively rare, the beautiful *Venus's flower basket* claims our attention. The skeleton of this fairy-like structure after the sarcode has been removed is shown in figure 7. In this the siliceous spi-

cules are numerous, and they are so arranged as to produce regular markings on the skeleton surface.



Fig. 6 Fresh water sponges (highly magnified).

I. *Spongilla lacustris*,
II. *Spongilla igloriformis*,
III. *Myenia fluitans*,
Each possessing numerous spicules.
(After Edw. Potts.)



Fig. 7. Venus's flower basket, a glass sponge skeleton. (*Eupretella speciosa*)

The appearance presented is so regular and symmetrical that the masses of mankind, with their usual prejudices, were loath to believe it to be at all a product of Nature; they claimed that it was artificial, for it seemed too beautiful to be made by the Creator's hand; and for years these sponge skeletons were sold as choice works of Chinese and Japanese art. The skeletons of a kindred form—the *Glass rope sponge* (*Hyalonema*), are prized for ornament. The lower end of the stem upon which the body is supported becomes frayed as growth progresses, so that it assumes the appearance of a tassel of spun glass.

The marine horny sponges, amongst which are included all our commercial kinds, present great variety in form and

size. Some are very small, and others attain enormous dimension. Figure 9 represents a very symmetrical sponge

There are but six species of sponges recognized as possessing any commercial value. Three of these are found off

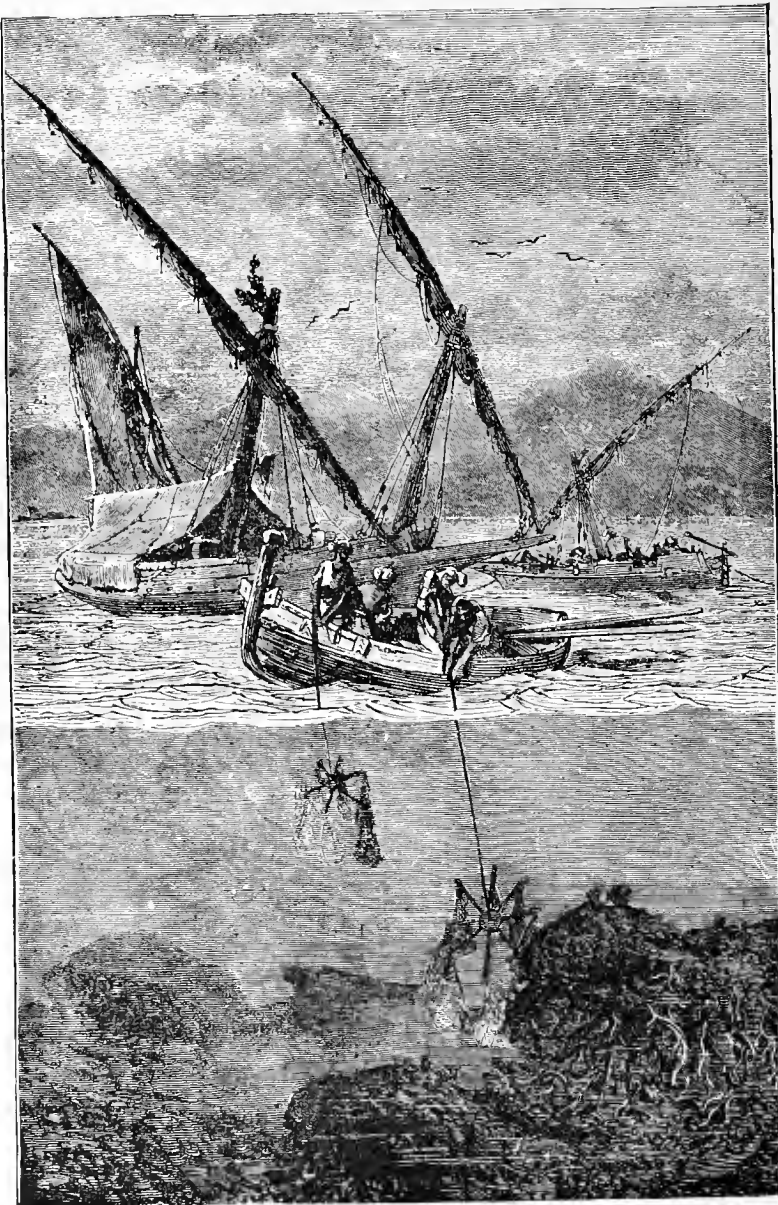


Fig. 8. "Sponge-fishing" off the coasts of Syria.

attached to the sea bottom. It is known as Neptune's Drinking Cup, and is found off the coasts of Singapore, forming masses even a yard in height.

the coasts of Central America, particularly about the Bahamas; the other kinds, including the most valuable, are brought from the Mediterranean and

the Red Sea; the coasts of Syria and the Grecian Archipelago constituting the principal fields.

The commonest method of sponge gathering, or as the process is inappropriately called "sponge-fishing," is illustrated in figure 8. The best sponges are found only at a considerable depth—



Fig. 9. "Neptune's drinking cup" (*Poterion Neptum*), a marine sponge attached to its bed; one-fourth natural size.

from twenty to thirty fathoms—and these are obtained by diving; the diver taking with him as he descends a large knife with which to cut the sponges loose from the bottom. Another mode of sponge gathering consists in tearing the animals from their subaqueous home by means of a long-handled harpoon, resembling a fish-gig. This method is not in general favor, as by it the sponges are mutilated and so depreciated in market value.

American sponges are generally coarse and hard; they are used for such purposes as stable and carriage service. Syrian sponges are of a finer kind, though rarely of larger size. Sponges from the

coasts of Barbary are large and of very fine texture. The demand for sponges is a growing one, and the sponge fishers seem to pay very little regard to the future of their craft. Appearances indicate that at the present rate of sponge destruction there will soon be a scarcity of the commodity. It has been recommended that efforts be made to transplant and to cultivate sponges on an adequate scale.

J. E. T.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Terrors of Mob Violence.

THE horrible lynching which has recently occurred in Texas has called forth a most vigorous message from the Governor of that State—J. B. Hogg—to the Senate and House of Representatives. A more barbarous exhibition of mob violence has probably never been witnessed in the United States. If the occurrence were not so well authenticated, it could scarcely be believed that men and women in a country like ours could become such demons as to torture any human being, however dreadful his crimes might be, as the negro Smith was tortured. But it shows to what lengths men and women can be carried, and what atrocities they can be led to commit, when they yield to the spirit which incites them to form mobs, to take the punishment of real or imaginary wrongdoing into their own hands, and to trample upon all the forms of law and the guarantees which are thrown around the citizen.

There are a good many Latter day Saints yet living who know what all this means. They have felt the unreasoning and cruel rage of mobs. They have seen men band themselves

together for the purpose of wreaking vengeance upon families and upon a people who never did them the least harm; whose sole offense was that they believed in a religion that was not popular. For this and other reasons—and these generally had falsehoods for their basis—they have seen hundreds and thousands of men, women and children driven from their homes, robbed of their property and subjected to the greatest indignities and outrages, and even killed.

When a Latter-day Saint who has had this experience reads about the doings of a mob he understands something about it. He knows how little trust there can be put in the reasons which are published as a justification for its action. The most devilish crimes are frequently committed under the cover of a mob organization. In the case of this negro every one who took part in torturing him was as guilty of violating the law as he was. Governor Hogg calls it "the most revolting execution of the age, in which large numbers of citizens openly, in broad day, publicly became murderers by methods shameful to humanity." He says that "a mob execution is no less than a murderous execution." He calls upon the Legislature to take steps to prevent mob violence in Texas; for the condition exists that while one man can be convicted for murder one hundred men who publicly commit murder cannot be. He adds that the observation of every experienced man teaches that when a community is infested with a mob spirit legal executions become rare and impossible.

What effect this message will have upon the Legislature does not yet appear; but I notice that the representative from the county where the

torturing and burning of the negro took place is reported to have defended and justified the action of the people in lynching the criminal. If this could be done in the Legislative body, there is but little room to hope that any stringent measures will be enacted to check mob violence, and the Governor's message will not meet with a favorable response.

In this connection it is interesting to read the expression of some of the Southern newspapers upon this subject of mob violence. One editor in writing about this before the frightful affair in Texas occurred, expressed the greatest concern over the increase of mobs in that section of the country. He points out that some of the localities where this mob spirit has raged are being rapidly depopulated. He refers particularly to certain parts of Louisiana and Mississippi; but in parts of nearly every other Southern State there are people who are lawless and who are ready upon the slightest provocation to join a mob. The article says:

"Life, property, and industry have no protection. * * * It is an everyday occurrence to read of honest and industrious people being killed or brutally beaten; to read that their premises have been broken into and rifled, that their fences have been torn away, or that the owners of property have been frightened nearly to death and driven from home in fear of their lives."

It is one of the leading papers of the South—the New Orleans *Times Democrat*—which makes this statement, and there is reason to believe that it is too true. This organized lawlessness is a standing menace wherever it prevails. What lover of peace and good order would be content to live in a community where the laws are defied and trampled

upon, and where he and his family and property would be at the mercy of a mob. The effect of such a condition of society is not only to make people avoid a community where it prevails, but to drive away well disposed people who may be already living there. It is stated that mob violence has reached such appalling proportions in some places, and is exerting such a withering influence upon industry, order and peace, that the people are receding into a kind of barbarism; and this can well be believed.

To escape from such surroundings the Latter-day Saints came to these mountains. The dangers of the wilderness, the fatigues and hardships of a terrible journey, and the settling of a new and untried country far from civilization, all were encountered cheerfully to get away from lands where mob violence prevailed. For all their severe trials and privations the Saints felt repaid by the peace and security which they enjoyed. It was a delightful sensation to be freed from the dread of mobs, to know that there was not, in some place near by, a villainous collection of marauders being made for the purpose of stealing property, and destroying what they could not steal, and of inflicting the worst outrages upon the people.

This had been their condition for many years before they came to these mountains, and the change to them was a delightful one. It must awaken a feeling akin to horror in the breasts of all those who passed through the persecutions of the Church in early days to read of the spread of the spirit of mob violence. If they had enemies in a community where that spirit prevailed, they would only have to think of the constant dread and terror to which they and their wives and children would be subjected to

arouse within them feelings of the deepest pity for them.

The Editor.

SOLD HIS OWN CHILD.

It may be a surprise to some to learn that a slave-trade was carried on in Utah and adjacent Territories in early days—not among white people of course, but among Mexicans and the native Indian tribes. This traffic in human flesh, however, was stamped out by the efforts and influence of President Brigham Young when Governor of the Territory.

Daniel W. Jones, in his book, "Forty Years Among the Indians," gives some details of this inhuman practice, which I here quote before relating what is indicated by the above heading. He says:

"The people of New Mexico, at the time I am writing of them, in 1851, were making annual trips, commencing with a few goods, trading on their way with either Navajoes or Utes (generally with the Navajoes) for horses, which they sold very cheap, always retaining their best ones. These used-up horses were brought through and traded to poorer Indians for children. The horses were often used for food. This trading was continued into Lower California, where the children bought on the down trip would be traded to the Mexican-Californians for other horses, goods or cash. * * * All children bought on the return trip would be taken back to New Mexico and then sold, boys fetching on an average \$100, girls from \$150 to \$200. The girls were in demand to bring up for house servants, having the reputation of making better servants than any others. This slave trade gave rise to cruel wars between the native tribes of this country, from Salt Lake

down to the tribes in Southern Utah. Walker (a noted Indian chief) and his band raided on the weak tribes, taking their children prisoners and selling them to the Mexicans. Many of the lower classes, inhabiting the southern deserts, would sell their own children for a horse and kill and eat the horse. The Mexicans were as fully established and systematic in this trade as ever were the slavers on the seas, and to them it was a very lucrative business."

The following incident was related to me by Sister Susan Fairbanks, who, with her worthy husband, has lived at Payson, Utah County, since its early settlement, and they now, at a good old age, still abide there. Their names are enrolled with the pioneers. During the early settlement of this place, as was the case with other parts of the Territory, our people were in close contact with the Indians, sometimes in peace, at other times in war. It was many years before the aborigines were entirely crowded out.

Brother Fairbanks and wife always treated the natives kindly, feeding them, and oftentimes clothing and giving them shelter. Even to this day their kitchen floor, blankets and warm fire affords occasional rest and comfort to some old Indian acquaintance of former years.

The friendly feeling of the Indians of that locality toward this family was considerably intensified from the fact that William, their oldest son, and the young men of the tribe herded stock and played a great deal together. William's mother was always spoken of as "We-ems pe-age"—William's mother, and today she is so called by the old ones of the tribe. Pon-na-watts, Indian Joe, Santa Quin, Guffie, Showan, and others whose names are familiar to many old inhabitants were then young

men, some of whom are yet alive. Several live at Indianola, Thistle Valley, others on the Reservation, Uintah.

Pon-na-watts married prior to the time of the "move." One day his young squaw came to the house of Sister Fairbanks, weeping and very much agitated. It was discovered that Pon-na-watts had sold their only child to the Mexicans for a horse, and the poor creature was nearly heartbroken on account of it. Sympathy could give but little comfort. Shortly after the heartless young buck came to the house expecting his usual reception. In this instance, however, he was mistaken. He was met at the threshold by one who could not tolerate such cruelty, not even in a savage, to his own kind.

The look of contempt and displeasure depicted on the countenance of Sister Fairbanks caused him to stop and stare.

"Tow-buck?" he asked; that is, "Are you mad?"

"Yes, I am mad," said Sister Fairbanks. "and you are a bad Indian to sell wife's baby. Don't you ever come into my house again. Go away; I don't want to see you any more."

And with such like expressions the door was shut in his face. He wheeled round and off he went at a rapid pace.

For some time thereafter nothing was heard or seen of the Indian. But one day he and his squaw were observed approaching the house. Both were smiling. The father held the child aloft, it kicking and struggling the while.

"Mike!" (hello) he cried, when near enough to be heard. "Me come now, eh? You now tow-buck?"

Certainly, he was allowed to come in.

It was ascertained afterward how Pon-na-watts recovered his child. When rebuked for his conduct, conscience

smitten, he at once devised a plan to restore himself to the confidence of his white friend. He had immediately set out on the trail of the Mexicans, and with the cunning of his race followed and watched his prey. It was somewhere down in what is now Millard County that he overtook the caravan. When a favorable opportunity presented itself, he stole the child from its purchasers and then made all haste back to his wigwam.

Jos. B. Keeler.

ERROR QUESTIONED.

You say, my friend, impelled by innate force,
Nature pursues her grand, unchanging course;
That as a clock is moved by its mainspring
This force inherent moves on everything,
And holds creation in its proper place
To fill some ends which man can never trace;
That God is but a myth—a name that's given
In which the Christian's faith hath blindly thriven.

But, say, a cause uncaused we cannot see;
Design without designer could not be;
Inherent force, or mainspring, which you may,
Could these to matter life or law convey?
If such a dogma you would seek to force,
Then say the stream runs higher than its source.
You're in the dark, my friend, there is a God;
And on this theme I would my mind unload,
So if you for a moment lend your ear
We'll try the case, and see how things appear.

Can you conceive, my bold assuming friend,
Of self-made things, where law and order blend;
Springing to life by accident or chance
Aloof from wisdom and intelligence!
If this you claim, then, doubtless, you have said!
That at the first from nothing all was made;
But if from naught we something may obtain
Then truth is false, and logic all is vain.

But let us see, there are inherent laws,
By which we reason from effect to cause,
And, hence we say, when something grand we view,
How great he is who did that something do!
The author may be hidden, still his name
And might are published by his deeds of fame.
Well then, my friend, if this be truly so
Where else, for better proof, could mortal go
Than just to nature, which you say is grand
To prove a vast Designer's mighty hand?

To show that matter is controlled by law,
And serves the ends a higher pow'r foresaw
Look at the seasons as they come and go
The snow-clad peaks—the smiling vales below,
Lakes, rivers, seas and oceans, each transmitting
And taking what to them is most befitting
Yet joining as a vast, harmonic whole
A grand Designer's wisdom to extol;
Without a jar they onward wend their way
True as the magnet at the polar ray.

And, then, the worlds on worlds we see above
That write with living flame God's might and love;
O, there, cold skeptic! turn your doubting eyes
And gaze with awe, with wonder and surprise.
And by your innate gift of worship given
A full confession make of God and heaven!
There is no God the foolish only say,
The wise are blessed to know the better way.
Good by, my friend, no more your mainspring name
God is the source from whence all beings came.

J. C.

LITTLE WILLIE.

CHAPTER XIII.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112.)

THE passengers of the *Windermere* had passed through a terrible storm, the panic created by the ship taking fire, their numbers decreased by small-pox, still another fearful calamity threatened them. The fresh water supply was getting short and the store of provisions was giving out. The passengers were now limited to one hard, small, sea biscuit for a day's rations. The captain sent some sailors in a small boat to intercept a ship that was passing, in hopes of getting more provisions, but they failed. The *Windermere* now passed the western point of the Island of Cuba. The passengers had a good view of the lighthouse located on the most western point. The Gulf of Mexico was now before them. The Gulf stream flowed on like a vast river. Just think of this stream, five hundred miles across it, very deep and constantly flowing!

On the morning of the 20th of April

the ship entered the mouth of the Mississippi River. The passengers were more glad to look upon the plantations of orange groves that bordered the banks of the river, than the great stormy, surging waves of the Atlantic, which they had left behind them. Sometimes the negroes would call from the shore and bid the emigrants welcome. While passing up the river to New Orleans there was another death, and the body was thrown overboard.

In the twilight the ship arrived at New Orleans. The weather was quite warm, and the fire flies filled the air like so many sparks flying. As soon as the ship landed Willie went ashore to see if he could buy a loaf of bread, but could not find any to purchase, so he returned to the ship till morning, when he and three others went out into New Orleans, called at a restaurant, and had a first-class meal, for which they only had to pay twenty-five cents. Then they walked through the business part of the town, and returned to the river where they had left the ship, but the ship had been towed into the middle of the stream, where it was anchored and quarantined on account of having small-pox on board. Willie and his companions had to charter a small boat to take them to the ship. Finally those who were sick were conveyed to the hospital, and the rest commenced their journey in one of the river steamers up the river for twelve hundred miles to St. Louis.

The small-pox was all left behind at New Orleans, but no sooner had they left the latter place than cholera commenced havoc among the passengers, who were crowded into the boat with very little accommodations. This dreadful plague would do its work in a few hours, and as the unfortunate ones had

their sufferings relieved by death, the boat would pull to shore and in the silent, wild and romantic forests that lined the margin of the Mississippi River for hundreds of miles, a ghastly grave was dug and the sleeper was rolled in a blanket or other clothing and by his or her sorrowing companions, without ceremony, was carefully laid in a final resting place. After these last offices were performed for the dead, with aching heart each turned away from the newly-made and lonely grave, and the boat steamed on its way up the river; but the passengers with straining eyes would steadily gaze at the spot until some turn of the river would close the scene forever.

The boat called at many of the principal towns built on the river. At one was an advertisement in large letters: "Niggers for sale." Willie had never before been where one human being was owned by another, and offered for sale like so many cattle. This advertisement brought to mind the stories he had read of slavery in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The separation of husbands and wives, of parents and children, and the hair breadth escapes of many run away slaves. But as soon as the boat hands had finished taking on board a sufficient supply of cord wood for fuel, his thoughts were interrupted by the shrill whistle of the engine, giving notice to the passengers who had stepped ashore to get into the boat immediately, as it was now ready to start up the river. Nothing particular occurred that was worthy of special notice, except a repetition of such gloomy scenes as have already been described, until the boat arrived near St. Louis. Here was an old, disabled boat called *Hannibal*, anchored beside a small uncultivated island, and it was

afterwards learned that it was inhabited by a man who used the island for a hog ranch. The passengers and baggage were unloaded into this old boat, and were quarantined here for more than a week on account of cholera. Boats would daily call at the *Hannibal*, and leave their yellow fever or cholera cases. It seemed to be kept purposely to receive those afflicted with any loathsome or contagious diseases. During that terrible week those that were not down sick had all that they could do to care for the sick and dying, and to dig graves for the dead. Many of the passengers of the *Windermere* who had survived the storms at sea, the fire on ship board, the small-pox, and the famine for provisions and water, here succumbed to the cholera, and in a rude way by friendly hands were laid in their last resting place.

Arrangements were finally made for the company to continue their journey westward in two smaller boats than the one that brought them from New Orleans. One of those two boats was called the *Honduras*. Their next point of landing was where Kansas City now stands. Then there were only a few rude houses that marked the march of civilization that far westward.

The *Honduras*, on which Willie was a passenger, arrived at Kansas City about four a.m., and during the night previous Willie was taken with the cholera, and when the boat arrived was very sick. He had a large shawl or Scotch plaid which he wrapped around him, went ashore and laid down on the banks of the Missouri River; an aged gentleman low with cholera was carried off the boat and laid near Willie; then a young man named Brewerton was laid on the other side of him. Both these died within two

hours. Willie began to feel that unless he could soon have a change for the better that he also in a few short hours would be numbered with the dead. His thoughts carried him back to his home in old England. His widowed mother and brothers and sisters were there, anxiously waiting for him to go to the valleys of Utah, find an older brother who was already there, prepare a home and send for them to follow. Would they ever meet on earth again? Would all their fond hopes be blighted? These thoughts wrung his heart. He could not endure them. The great love he had for his dear mother and his brothers and sisters at home inspired him to rise up from his bed on the banks of the Missouri. This was a terrible effort. Only such thoughts could have moved him under the circumstances. Without them he would either not have made the effort, or if he had, would have shrank back to his grassy bed on the banks of the river, and perished there. But he still continued to exert himself until with the pain and the effort the sweat began to roll down his face in big drops as large as peas. The more freely the sweat flowed the better he felt, which gave him encouragement. Willie continued to improve until he had fully recovered. Soon after arriving at Kansas, by request Willie went to a farm about fifteen or twenty miles in the direction of Independence, Jackson County, where one Mr. McMurray was keeping some forty or fifty cows, with calves, until the Church agent should call for them. Mr. McMurray had purchased the calves, which were to run with the cows until they were taken away. Willie remained there about three weeks. All went on smoothly until the time came for separating the cows and calves, which

were mostly of the Texas breed, and extremely wild and vicious. The cows were driven to camp, which was about two miles from Westport, near Kansas. They were put up into a corral and closely herded. Next day they were to be yoked up. A good, strong force, including Willie, under the direction of a Mr. Irons, were assigned the task. Mr. Irons was an old frontiersman, and could swing the lasso in true Mexican style. This force went to the corral, climbed over the fence, but before Mr. Irons could get the lasso adjusted five or six of the wildest of the cows raised their heads erect, with eyes glaring fiercely, throwing their tails up, and with furious bound rushed at the approaching company. No one waited for any word of command, but each seemed to take a notion at the same time that he would like to see how quickly he could jump that fence. The feat was performed at exactly the same instant. Under other circumstances they might not have jumped so near together; it was done as though it was only one single effort. Now the operations were conducted from the outside of the corral. The cows were caught with the lasso, drawn up to the fence, and securely tied to a post in twos. Then the yoke was placed over their neck. None of these efforts aimed at their civilization seemed to be appreciated, for they put their tongues out, and with the full strength of their lungs bellowed at their captors.

This work of subjugation lasted nearly all day. When all were yoked up they were let out upon the prairie to get acquainted with their yokes and exercise themselves in their new kind of employment. Quite a number broke their horns off, some broke their necks. Two of the cows freed themselves from

the yoke and went back to Mr. McMurray's farm. Daniel Gamble, a young man named Martill, and Willie were sent to recover the two. They stayed all night at the farm. Next morning, on foot, they started back with the two cows. Some three or four miles on the way the cows ran off into the timber. One of them took a straight shoot back for the farm. On account of being driven from her calf she was furious, and would run at anyone going near her. Willie and his companions concluded to try to catch the cow with a lasso and tie a dry pole about eight or ten feet long in front of her horns, so that she might be stopped from dodging into the timber. But none of the party were experts at throwing the lasso, and therefore had to go into the yard to catch her, which none of them liked to do. A young man at the farm offered to go into the yard to try to catch her if one of the other party would go in with him. Willie volunteered, and gathered a stick for self-defense. The other young man filled his pockets with rocks, and thus armed the two went in to catch the cow. There was an apple tree standing in the yard, and when the cow, on mischief bent, dashed at them, the young man with the rocks climbed the tree. Willie might have done so too, but could not for his companion, so he concluded to defend himself with a stick. As she came toward him he dealt her a blow with the stick and dodged behind the tree. This blow intimidated her, and they succeeded in catching her with the rope. She was secured and the pole safely fastened in front of her horns. This done, the party resumed their journey, but when the timber was reached the cow turned her head sideways, which placed one end of the pole along the side of her

ribs, and the other pointing straight out in front of her, and in this way she could run in among the timber about as well as before, in consequence she was lost in the forest, and the party, faint, hungry and tired, gave up the chase.

Night was coming on, and they were fifteen or twenty miles from camp, without money, and in Jackson County, Mo., from which the Saints had previously been driven; therefore, they were afraid that they might not succeed in getting anything to eat were it known that they were Mormons. All concluded to go to a farm house close by, and Willie was to order supper for the party and then make the best settlement with them that he could. The order was given, chickens were killed, and a fine supper was prepared, which after awhile was announced ready. During this preparation the party were all at ease, and especially Willie, for he was afraid that he, in behalf of the company, might be unable to satisfy the demands of their host. However, after each had laid in a good supply and they were ready to depart, Willie told their host that they had no money, but that they would leave anything they had to satisfy them for the repast. After talking a little while, Willie sold him the wild cow for the supper and an old knife and five dollars, the purchaser to hunt her up and do the catching. Now they started for camp, footsore and weary. They arrived about midnight and made their report, which was fully approved.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LEPER.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129.)

MRS. STROMBERG had often wanted to tell her son where she spent her Friday evenings, but had always been afraid of burdening his mind with secrets;

besides she did not know how he would take it. Her son was by no means an ignorant boy. He was, on the contrary, quite well informed. Being an invalid, his chief pleasure was reading, and as his father must have his daily paper, whether the family had bread or not, Oscar, as the boy was called, kept himself posted on all current matters. He also had a friend, an assistant at a public library, who supplied him with books, choice and otherwise. He had of late imbibed some rather realistic ideas that his mother did not quite like, yet she did not know how to combat them.

Oscar was gifted with language, and his mother stood in no little awe of her son's book learning. Consequently she was silent on a good many points of which she was quite clear in heart, but lacked words to explain.

"Where is your father tonight?" asked Mrs. Stromberg.

"Yes, I forgot to tell you the good news," he said with a half roguish smile. "Father won't be home till after midnight; he has taken watchman Green's place half of the night, as that dignitary is going to a party of some sort with his spouse. So we will have the field all to ourselves, mother, for two long hours. Come let us rejoice and be merry."

"You seem to feel better tonight, Oscar, than you did this morning. Yes, we will make merry," with an attempt at a smile, "although we shouldn't talk like that about your father. Look, here are two loaves of nice, baker's bread, and there is a little green tea still left; now we will have a cup of tea and bread and butter."

She took from the little pile of kindling wood behind the stove, which she

bought by the dozen pieces, enough to make a small fire, and soon the tea was made. Mrs. Stromberg moved the table over by the boy's cot, and spread her few delicacies on the clean newspaper that served as a covering. The meal was taken without much conversation. Mrs. Stromberg was always quiet, whereas Oscar had much to say, though his words were often interrupted by spells of pain. But tonight he too was unusually quiet. Putting down his cup he said presently: "I can't see why I don't wag my tongue tonight when I have such a splendid chance, it's so seldom I can talk to you, mother, without father's malicious interruptions that I lay here and longed for your coming till I fell asleep from pure exhaustion; but now I don't seem to know what to say. I've been thinking a good deal about—you often read in the Bible, mother, don't you?"

"Yes, what else should I read?"

"Well, I've been doing the same this afternoon." He pulled a small Bible from under his pillow. "You see I am not quite the heathen you take me to be, mother." His mother's gratified smile made him blush.

He started to turn the leaves aimlessly about, and said somewhat nervously: "But don't it strike you, if you have given it any thought at all, that the Lord must be a mighty queer God?"

His mother shook her head uneasily, she feared he was going to argue about the Bible from his realistic point of view, and she knew how unable she was to cope with him, although she believed the Bible to be God's inspired words, and she could not sit quietly by and have the holy book treated in that manner. She began in a feeble way to protest that she knew she was unable to argue with him; but she would not

listen to anything he might say against that book.

"I was not going to argue," he said, closing the book and sinking wearily back on his pillow. "I was merely going to observe that the Lord must be somewhat strange, since He occupied Himself so much with the inhabitants of this earth in former days, and now positively takes no notice of them."

He said this more to himself than to his mother; he did not think she paid much attention to it. She was putting away the things in the cupboard, and she very nearly dropped a saucer, his words sent such a shock through her.

She went and sat down beside him and taking his hand between her two she said firmly: "He does, my boy. The Lord does take notice of His people if you only knew it."

She did not know how it was, but his words had given her what she had never felt before, a perfect faith that God had His servants on the earth at this very time. Oscar was astonished; he was so used to seeing his mother uncertain and yielding; she never spoke with such firmness about anything.

"You see, mother," he broke out vehemently, it is so terrible to lay here day after day, week after week, a whole long lifetime with the same instincts, the same aspirations of other boys and to know that there is no escape from this dreadful fate. If it was something else; but this, oh this is awful, to be afflicted with boils, horrible, loathsome boils—the leper they call me."

"Oscar! Oscar!" his mother pleaded, laying one hand on his lips, "don't say that dreadful word. It isn't that, you know it isn't; why torment yourself and me like this? It is only some

thoughtless children's insane talk; it's nothing for you to think about."

She shuddered as she thought of the many times she had heard the children say as she passed them on the stairs: "There goes the leper's mother." How her heart had pained when she heard it! How she could have screamed out with pain had she dared, but she thought it best not to notice the remarks for fear that the rumor would spread. She knew it was not true, of course; but what mother does not feel agonized at hearing her precious though afflicted child taunted because of its affliction? She did not think he knew it, and it cut her like a knife to think how he must have suffered to hear it.

She hid her face in both hands and sobbed aloud, and Oscar had to comfort her, though his weak form trembled with pain and excitement.

When at last she had overcome her grief he said resignedly: "It is best that we speak no more about this, mother, and yet I want to speak about it. I have been patient so long; I have suffered without much complaint, but now it seems that I can bear it no longer. I feel as if I must throw off this dreadful burden, which weighs me down. And, oh mother, if it was only now as in the days of the Bible I feel as though I could get up and run and throw myself at the feet of the Messiah, knowing that He would help me."

Mrs. Stromberg had risen at the conclusion of his words; now she fell on her knees beside him, and taking both his hands in her own she cried: "Yes, my boy, yes; we will both throw ourselves at the feet of the Messiah. I know where He is to be found. His servants shall come to you and they shall heal you if you have faith!"

Oscar looked at his mother in aston-

ishment. When she mentioned "His servants" the picture of the Lutheran pastor, old and shaky, with his drawling, plaintive way of speaking rose up in his mind, and he smiled incredulously. His mother saw the smile.

"Don't doubt, Oscar." She said, "but how could I blame you for doubting, when I have known where help for you might have been found these many years and still doubted till your own words dispelled the hopelessness and doubt which have clouded my heart so long. Listen to me, my boy," and still kneeling and with his hands in her own she proceeded to tell him all about the Latter-day Saints and the gospel of God.

When she had finished speaking he said sadly and not without a touch of reproach: "Oh, mother, how could you have kept all this to yourself till now? I would have believed long ago. I have often thought of the utter inconsistency of the Lutheran faith, and because it seemed so foolish, such a tangled mass of impossibilities, I left it and began to lean toward the belief that there was no truth in anything. I have had many a struggle with myself that you know nothing about, mother; for I hated to add to your cares, and I was loath to part with my childish belief in a good and allwise God."

Mrs. Stromberg begged her son's forgiveness, but said she had never had the faith she tonight possessed, and for fear it should leave her again, she and her son united in humble prayer to God, that He would give them faith, if this was His true gospel.

A day or two later a young Mormon missionary visited the sick boy and had quite a long talk with him, the outcome of which was that Oscar asked to be baptized.

So it was arranged one Sunday night, when Mr. Stromberg had gone to spend the evening with his worthy friend Green, that Mrs. Stromberg procured a cab, and with the assistance of some Elders, got Oscar transported down stairs, and they all drove out to the place where there was sufficient water. Both mother and son went into the water. Mrs. Stromberg trembled with excitement, but Oscar was quiet. When he had been carried out of the water he said to some of the brethren: "Lend me your arms for support; I will walk home." And with their assistance he walked home.

I need not tell my young readers that there was great rejoicing in the poor garret. To Oscar it seemed like a palace, and the world a paradise, into which he would presently step and be one with the many busy people whom he had, until now, only seen from his garret window, and with whom he dared never hope to mingle.

Oscar's father was greatly astonished when he saw his son able to be up and move about the room; and when he was told that through the blessings of God and the ministrations of the Mormons this miracle had been wrought, he too believed and joined the Church.

Oscar learned a light trade, at which he worked at home; and they moved into a little better home, nearer the ground; for he earned quite a bit of money now, and helped support the family.

Mrs. Stromberg still occupied her old seat near the door on Friday nights, but the haggard, hopeless expression had left her face. She nodded smilingly about her, and gave a little tug at the new bonnet once in a while, as she tells her neighbor that Oscar made her a present of it, otherwise she wouldn't rig

herself out with such gay flowers. But the dear boy thinks it is so becoming to her, and she wouldn't for the world hurt his feelings by taking the flowers off, not if she resembled a peacock ever so much. "And, do you know, I have hopes of being able to emigrate Oscar next year. Hush! Brother N. is going to speak tonight, I guess," and with a satisfied, expectant little sigh she leans back in her seat and sends one loving look in the direction of her pale, handsome boy.

Oscar has now been in Utah many years. He runs his hand, still slender, through his grayish locks, as he concludes something he has been telling his young people, "O, I remember, children, as if it had been yesterday, how I felt when I used to lie on my cot thinking of the long, useless life of the poor leper. Of course it wasn't leprosy, but something akin to it, something akin to it."

S. Valentine.

NAMES OF STATES.

Origin and Significance of the Various Appellations.

ALASKA—"The Great Land."

Alabama—"Here We Rest" (Mus-cogee).

Arkansas—"Bow (Indians) on the Smoke Water."

Arizona—"Sand Hills."

California—"Hot Furnace."

Colorado—"Ruddy" (River).

Connecticut—"Long River."

Dakota—"Allied" (Indian tribes).

Delaware—In honor of Thomas West, Lord De La Warre, Governor of Virginia, 1610. The estate La Warre (Warwick) was in Gloucestershire, England.

District of Columbia—Feminine of Columbus (dove).

Florida—"Flowers." Spanish for Easter Sunday, the day that Ponce de Leon discovered the land.

Georgia—Feminine of George ("farmer") in honor of George II., who established a colony, 1732.

Illinois—"Tribe of men."

Indiana—"Indian land," from Indus, Sanscrit, Sindhu, "river."

Iowa—"Drowsy Ones" (Indian tribe).

Kansas—"Smoky water."

Kentucky—"At the head of the river."

Louisiana—In honor of Louis XIV. of France, Ludovicus, "bold warrior."

Maine—The mainland, as distinguished from neighboring insular parts.

Maryland—In honor of Henrietta Maria (bitter), daughter of Henry IV. of France and queen of Charles I. of England.

Massachusetts—"The Place of the Great Hills."

Michigan—"A Weir of Fish"—the lake resembling a fish trap.

Minnesota—"Muddy Water," Indian name of St. Peter's river.

Mississippi—"The Father of Waters."

Missouri—"Great Muddy" (river).

Montana—"Hilly Country"—a mountain.

Nebraska—"Shallow Water" (the Platte River).

Nevada—"Saw-toothed" (mountain range, Sierra Nevada).

New Hampshire—From Hampshire (Hants), England, by John Mason, Governor of Plymouth, in Hampshire. Saxon Chronicle, 755, Las Hamtaureire.

New Jersey—From the Isle of Jersey, Casarea (Caesar, Latin, "Hairy"), one of the channel islands, defended by Sir George Cartaret against the Long Parliament.

New Mexico—From the Aztec god, "Mexitli," god of war.

New York From the Duke of York (afterward James II. of England), Eboracum, Cær Ebroc, or Ebroc castle in British.

North Carolina—From Carlus (Little Darling), Charles IX. of France, in whose reign the Huguenots planted the first colony.

Ohio—"Beautiful" (river).

Oklahoma—"Red People" (Choctaw).

Oregon—From Oregano, Spanish name for wild sage, "artemisia," which grows on the shores of the Columbia River.

Pennsylvania—"Penn's woods," in honor of William Penn.

Rhode Island—From Isle of Rhodes (Roses) in the Mediterranean.

South Carolina—Separated from North Carolina in 1879.

Tennessee—"River of the great bend.

Texas—"Friendly" (Indian tribe).

Utah—"Dwellers in the Mountains" (tribe of Indians). Proposed name Deseret, "honey bee."

Vermont—"Green Mountain."

Virginia—From Queen Elizabeth, in honor of her unmarried state.

Washington—In honor of George Washington, from Wessyngton, Durham, England.

West Virginia—Separated from Virginia, 1863.

Wisconsin—"Wild, Rushing Channel" (river).

Wyoming—"Broad Plains."

If you cannot speak well of your neighbors do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be a kind one by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To be good is a luxury.

... THE ...


Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, - MARCH 1, 1893.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Prophets and Apostles in the Church of Christ.

ONSIDERABLE fault has been found from time to time with the Latter-day Saints because of their belief that the true Church of Jesus Christ has among its officers Prophets and Apostles. One of the principal accusations made against the Saints when they lived in Jackson County, Missouri, was that they believed that Joseph Smith was inspired of God, and was a Prophet. This was considered such an outrageous doctrine that, with other charges, it was accepted as a sufficient justification for the raising of a mob, for the destruction of a printing office, for the burning of houses and the driving of peaceable men, women and children from their homes.

In those days it was considered blasphemous to claim inspiration for man. But some years afterwards spiritualism sprung into existence. The world was seized with it, and, to a very great extent, it became popular. The true doctrines of Christ, taught by His chosen and duly authorized servants, had met with but little favor; for they required faith, repentance of sin, baptism for the remission of sin, and the laying on of hands on the part of mankind before the Holy Ghost and spiritual gifts could be obtained. According to the teachings of the Savior, ordinances had to be obeyed—ordinances adminis-

tered by His recognized servants—before true inspiration could be received.

But spiritualism professed to make it easy for all to obtain spiritual manifestations. No faith in Jesus, no repentance, no baptism, no laying on of hands needed to obtain them. Purity of life was not essential. The wicked and the reprobate, as well as those of better lives, could receive spiritual communications. In this way Satan used spiritualism to counteract the influence of the gospel. If the servants of God held out the promise that the Holy Ghost and the gifts promised by the Savior would follow obedience to the ordinances, spiritualism could be pointed to as a means of obtaining signs without the use of ordinances.

The prevalence of spiritualism has had the effect to remove many of the objections which were urged against inspiration; and though the world has not been disposed to accept the gospel, the force of the attacks upon the Latter-day Saints because they believed that the Lord did inspire men, and that the gifts of the Spirit were bestowed in our day has been greatly weakened through the widespread acceptance of spiritualism.

Yet there remains a great dislike to the belief of the Latter-day Saints that the Lord has an inspired man—a Prophet, Seer and Revelator—at the head of His church on earth. This has been very objectionable to a great number of people. They conjure up any number of evils as likely to result from such an organization. It is what they call "one-man power," and, therefore, in their estimation, very dangerous. But some of those who have shown these feelings against the Latter-day Saints are members of the Catholic church, and those who are not know the claims

of the Catholics for the earthly head of that church. They are neither afraid nor ashamed to claim for the pope the most extensive authority and power. If Latter-day Saints were to speak of the President of their Church, as some Catholics speak of the pope, it would likely be preserved for future use against them.

Cardinal Gibbon, in a recent circular relating to "the annual collection for our holy father the pope," calls upon the members of the Catholic churches to take the opportunity "for manifesting their sincerest affection and deepest loyalty to their blessed lord vicar." He compares him to "the Savior, whose chief vice-regent he is." The qualities which he has exhibited "will," as the Cardinal expresses it, "prove him to have been the light from heaven." In other sentences he again urges "every child of the holy church," as well as all who share in the admiration of the "pontiff's" character, to join in the testimonials of "deep loyalty which shall be offered to his holiness the pope."

We do not quote Cardinal Gibbon's language to find fault with it; but imagine the effect of using such language would have concerning the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Could the Latter-day Saints be urged to show the "deepest loyalty" to the Lord's mouth piece on earth without its being held to be dangerous and as throwing doubts upon their loyalty to the government?

Members of the Catholic church may use this language concerning the pope, but it does not follow that, therefore, they are not reliable citizens, faithful to every obligation the government makes upon them. So with the Latter-day Saints, their fidelity to the govern-

ment and to their duties as citizens is not in the least weakened by their belief that the Lord has chosen a man, whom He inspires, to preside over His Church.

THE DEAR LITTLE WIFE AT HOME.

THE dear little wife at home, John,

With ever so much to do—

Stitches to set, and babies to pet,

And so many thoughts of you—

The beautiful household fairy,

Filling your heart with light :

Whatever you meet today, John,

Go cheerily home tonight.

For though you are worn and weary,

You needn't be cross or curt ;

There are words like darts to gentle hearts ;

There are looks that wound and hurt,

With the key in the latch at home, John,

Drop troubles out of sight ;

To the dear little wife who is waiting

Go cheerily home tonight.

You know she will come to meet you,

A smile on her sunny face,

And your wee little girl, as pure as a pearl,

Will be there in her childlike grace,

And the boy, his father's pride, John,

With eyes so brave and bright :

From the strife and the din to the peace, John,

Go cheerily home tonight.

What though the tempter try you,

Though the shafts of adverse fate

May bustle near, and the sky be drear,

And the laggard fortune wait,

You are passing rich already :

Let the haunting fears take flight ;

With the faith that wins success, John,

Go cheerily home tonight

STEPHENSON, the great railroad engineer, who ran his engines at a mile a minute, said his doubt was not how fast he could make them go, but at what pace it would be proper to stop. He said he could make them travel with greater speed than any bird can cleave the air, and he had ascertained that four hundred miles an hour was the extreme velocity which the human frame could endure, at which it could move and live.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Going to the Canyon.

LAST summer we lived in Cache Valley. My brother and I went to the

lines to me. The grouse ran into the brush, and uncle got off the load and hit it with a rock. Then he ran and got it and took its head off. We took it home and killed a tame chicken to cook with it, and had a nice stew for breakfast the next morning.

My brother drew a picture of the



canyon with our uncle several times for wood. We often saw rabbits, squirrels, wild chickens and many kinds of birds.

One evening when we were coming home with a load of wood Uncle Eddie saw a grouse in the road ahead of us. He stopped the horses and handed the

place, and the wild chicken which Uncle killed. There was a wheat field on one side of the road.

Willard G. Richards,

SALT LAKE CITY.

Age 12 years.

ONE may always see in a boy the picture of a man to be.

Little Snow Birds.

I HAVE read many good and interesting stories written by the little folks for the JUVENILE. I will try and tell something about little snow birds.

There are many of them about our place. They come around our straw stack for wheat and chaff. They also come where we feed the chickens, and in the door-yard, and pick up the crumbs of bread, potatoes and all such things.

The other day some of my brothers went out and began throwing at the birds. One of them hit one bird and killed it. He put it under the granary, and then he came in the house and told us he had killed a little bird. But he was only five years old, and we didn't think he had killed any. But in a few minutes he brought it in the house, and my little sister, three years old, cried when she saw it, and we told her the poor little bird was dead. She said he was a naughty boy for killing the sweet little bird, and she kissed the bird. I told my brother it was mean for anyone to kill the little birds, and he felt sorry that he had killed it, and said he wouldn't kill any more.

He gave the bird to the old cat, who was not at all sorry he killed it as long as she got it to eat.

Hannah Stokes.

ELBA, IDAHO.

Breaking the Sabbath.

I WILL relate a little of my own experience to the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. While I was attending the Box Elder Stake Academy I became acquainted with a little girl whose name was Ada. She lives three miles from our city. We were schoolmates, and very fond of each other. She had been ill and could not attend school for several weeks. Sunday morning, after

attending Sunday school, I asked one of my friends if she would not like to go with me in the sleigh to visit her.

We were seldom allowed to go for pleasure on Sunday; but I finally persuaded mamma to let us take the sleigh. We started with mamma's last words ringing in our ears, "Remember it is Sunday, girls; drive very carefully."

We soon found the road to be a sheet of ice, covered with a thin coating of snow. Driving very carefully, we had gone about two-thirds of the distance when our horse slipped and fell. We jumped to the ground, and the horse, after several struggles, again stood upon his feet.

We were terrified at discovering the end of the shaft could not be seen, and we greatly feared it had entered his side. We looked for help but no one was to be seen. While my companion ran to the nearest farm houses, only to find little children at home, I earnestly prayed for help. Suddenly a man appeared away off in the road. We waved our hands, called and beckoned to him to come and help us. When he reached us he soon unfastened the harness, and discovered to our great relief that the end of the shaft had only been forced under the horse's shoulder. After having bound the splintered shaft, and making everything safe as possible, we again took our places in the sleigh and proceeded to my friend's home, thanking the Lord for sending help, and that no serious accident befell us. But still trembling with the thoughts of our narrow escape we reached home in safety.

I hope my little friends, with myself, will learn this lesson, we are never safe in disobeying the Lord's command to keep the Sabbath day holy.

Mabel Snow,

BRIGHAM CITY.

Age 13 years.

Story of Two Pencils.

A FABLE.

ONCE there were some pencils in a box in a book store. They got tired of staying in the box, and thought the store-keeper had forgotten them. One of the pencils said he was tired of lying in the box.

One day a little girl came into the store with a nickel in her hand, and said she wanted to buy a pencil. The store-keeper took down the box and told her to pick out the one she wanted, and she picked out the one that had been uneasy. Then she gave the store-keeper her nickel and went home.

She got her new, sharp knife and started to sharpen the pencil. When she would get it nearly sharpened it would break off, and she got so angry that she threw it down and it rolled into a corner. So when they swept the room it rolled down behind the ash-barrel and the rain washed all the bright letters and paint from it.

After a while there came another pencil rolling down there, and the first pencil said: "How did you get down here?"

"Bessie bought me," the other replied.

"And did she cut you nearly into your heart?"

"Yes; I could not do any work if she did not. I made a lot of letters and pictures for her."

The cross pencil listened very quietly, and thought how naughty he had been in not doing any work.

After a while there came along a little boy, who had a little sister, who had been sick for a long time. He saw the pencils behind the barrel and picked them up, and thought how glad she would be to get them, and when he got home he said to his little sister, "Guess what I have for you."

She guessed a long time but could not guess the right thing. So he told her to shut her eyes, and he threw them in her lap. When she opened her eyes she did not know what to think. Then he got her some paper and she made a lot of pictures and letters, and her mamma told her that the pencils helped her to get well.

Myrtle Hobbs,

FRANKLIN, OHIO.

*11 years old.***THE YOUNG DONKEY.**

I'm just a donkey, young and rough, as every one may see,

But why should boys and girls suppose that they may gibe at me?

Each day I try my very best to do my master's will,
And every duty he exacts I labor to fulfill.

I never scorn the humblest fare, as children sometimes do;

I take a thistle thankfully; now, boys and girls, would you?

And when a tender-hearted child gives me some food to eat,

A carrot or a crust of bread, it seems to me so sweet!

Then don't despise a donkey, please: and when you see him stand,

With drooping head and sleepy eyes, resting on the sand,

Think of his dull and cheerless life, and never rudely pass

Without a kindly word or two bestowed upon the ass.

NOT A FAILURE.

JOHNNY GIBBS is a youthful philosopher. He believes that life would be simplified if people would be content to do one thing at a time.

The other day Johnny was hard at work with paper and pencil. His mother looked over his shoulder.

"Why, Johnny," she exclaimed, "your spelling is perfectly dreadful! Look at that—'siting in a chare.' I'm ashamed of you!"

"But, mamma," said the little boy, reassuringly, "this isn't a spelling lesson; it's a composition."

NATURE'S PERFECTION.

It is very interesting to learn about the many wonderful things in nature, and how beautifully the Creator has adapted everything to suit the place it was designed to occupy. If our young readers will make a study of the natural objects that surround them they will find that the works of God are grand, and show plainly that He is full of wisdom. Not only is His wisdom manifest in the great things He has created, but also in the tiny creatures that abound on this beautiful earth which is our home.

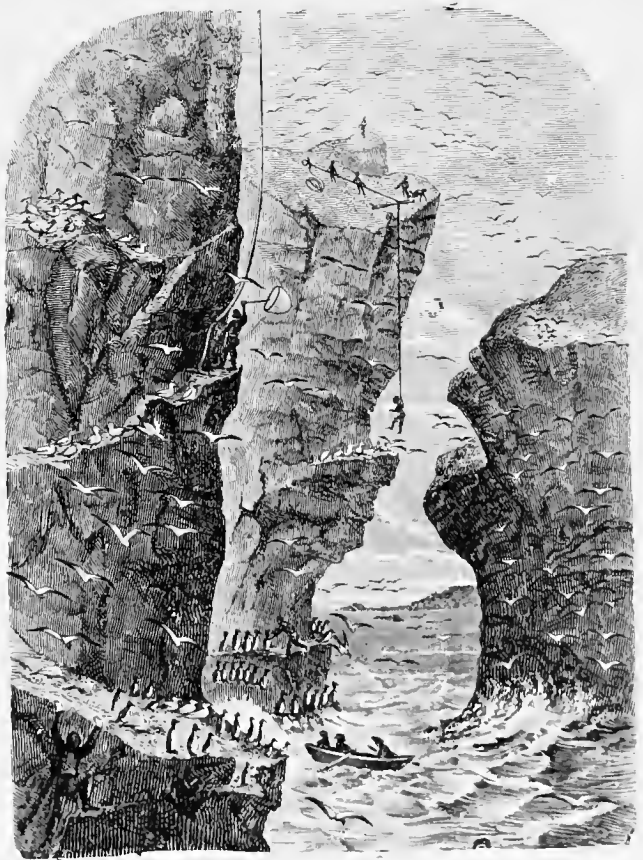
Let me tell you a fact that seems very simple—so simple that many people would not take notice of it, yet it goes to show how wonderfully the Lord provides for the welfare of His creatures in the various conditions in which they are placed.

It has been noticed that the eggs of sea-birds (those birds which make their homes about the shores of the great ocean) are not shaped like those of our common fowls and other birds. Their eggs are more cone-shaped, that is, pointed sharply at one end and broad at the other. Some of you may ask, What is there wonderful or strange in that fact? I will tell you. Sea-birds, as many of you have learned from reading about them, lay their eggs on the bare floor of narrow ledges on the side of rocky cliffs, where they are more safe from animals that seek them for food. Now if these eggs were as nearly rounded as those of other birds they would be very liable to roll off the narrow shelves on which they are laid, and fall into the

sea and be destroyed. As it is they roll round in a circle, and will not roll in a straight line. What a very simple matter this seems to be! And yet it shows how perfectly nature's work is in every detail.

The Weight of a Spider's Web.

It is said that if you were to take a pound of spider's web and unravel it, it would be long enough to reach around



HOME OF SEA-BIRDS.

the world, with a sufficient quantity left to reach from New York to San Francisco.

THREE things to teach—truth, industry, and contentment.

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BY H. A. TUCKETT.



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